

Boom Bashin'

Masta Ace

Here comes the boom, with the hip hop bash as I smash and crash
How many gangsta rappers are gonna last?
Not one, they got done, I had fun
Doin em and screwin em and booin em and chewin em
I'm slick and I'm quick, up my sleeve is a trick
Hey! So what, I use funky drummers, suck my dick
I'm still thick, with murderous beats and heavy kick
And I'm sick of the so-called shots ya gonna lick
I slam and I slam and I slam, did I mention that I slam
Don't eat spinach but I yam what I yam
Death-defyin like a circus, I work this
Mic, you can't jerk this, off-beat on purpose
I never smoke dope, I don't carry a nine
I ain't no hustler with bitches on my mind
Gangstas are swimming in the water but comin' up shorter
I oughta, boom bash andslaughta

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Check it
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I'mma break it down, and I do mean down, yo way down
So far down-down the devil gonna call it underground
Niggas betta know the fuckin score
Cause I'm Raw, like Eddie
And like confetti they get tore
Up, from the floor, up
There's no time
And my spits gettin sprayed in ya face as I rhyme
So run run run, ya better head for the hills
Get ya gun gun gun, and ya cyanide pills
Get the rope for ya neck, and the razor for your wrists
Cause I'm pissed, and it's suicide to battle this
Ummm, highly explosive, material
Grand imperial, pour me on cereal
Cause I flow from the belly of a cow
Wipe ya brow, how ya like me now

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You can get with this, or you can get with that
But you can't get with the man with the mad snap hat
I take em out with one blow to the cerebellum
And tell 'em, my jam's so funky that you can smell 'em
With 26 styles I enter, I bent the-

Rapper like a pole, yo I'm cold like winter
Rhyme for rhyme, head to head with a one go
I come from Crooklyn, it's wild like a jungle
Yeah, you might get a cap jack, ya act mack
I carry a can of flat black in my napsack
Lookin for a wall to tag up, I dag up
And rag up, a nigga yo digga raise the flag up
I click click my heels, and good is how it feels
There's no place like home and chrome on ya wheels
Make it through the project, dance if I choose to
Hope I didn't lose you, bruise you, I cruise through
The neighborhood, in a Chevrolet Impala
Drop to the ground and makin' the girls holla
Rollin, rollin, rollin, I'm rollin
Sorry officer, the car ain't stolen
I really don't care what you thought of me
I oughta be, far from orderly
In my fashion, I boom and I bashin'

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